RUDYARD KIPLING'S AMERICAN CATCHES.

Epic Story of Heroic Size About Exploits in Salmon Fishing.

MILITANT AND TRIUMPHANT.

How an Englishman Portrays American Sport to Readers in India.

The race is neither to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but time and chance cometh to all. I have lived!

The American continent may now sink under the sea, for I have taken the best that it yields, and the best was neither dollars, love nor real estate. Hear now, gentlemen of the Punjaub Fishing Club who whip the reaches of the Tavi and you who painfully import trout over to Otaca-mund, and I will tell you how old man California and I went fishing and you shall envy.

We returned from The Dalles to Portland by the way we had come, the steamer stopping en route to pick up a night's catch of one of the salmon wheels on the river and to deliver it at a cannery down stream.

When the proprietor of the wheel announced that his take was 2,230 pounds weight of fish "and not a heavy catch neither" I thought he lied. But he sent the boxes aboard and I counted the salmon by the hundred-huge fifty pounders bardly dead, scores of twenty and thirty pounders and a host of smaller fish. They were all Chenook salmon, as distinguished from the "steel head" and the "sliver side." That is to say, they were royal salmon, and California and I dropped a tear over them as monarchs who deserved a better fate, but the lust of slaughter entered into our souls and we talked fish and forgot the mountain scenery that had so moved us a day

The steamer halted at a rude wooden warehouse built on piles in a lonely reach of the river and sent in the fish. I followed them up a scale strewn, fishy incline that led to the cannery. The crazy building was quivering with the machinery on its floors and a clittering bank of tin scrans twenty feet high showed where the waste was thrown after the cans had been punched.

IN A CANNERY. Only Chinamen were employed on the work, and they looked like blood besmeared, yellow devils as they crossed the rifts of sunlight that lay upon the floor. When our consignment arrived the rough wooden boxes broke of themselves as they were dumped down under a jet of water and the salmon burst out in a stream of quicksilver. A Chinaman jerked up a twenty pounder, beheaded and detailed it with two swift strokes of a knife, flicked out its internal arrangements with a third and east it into a blood dyed tank. The headless fish leaped from under his hands as though they were facing a rapid. Other Chinamen pulled them from the vat and thrust them under a thing like a chaff cutter, which descending hewed

them into unseemly red goobets fit for the can. More Chinamen, with yellow, erooked fingers, jammed the stuff into the cans, which slid down some marvellous machine forthwith, soldering their own tops as they passed. Each can was hastily tested for flaws and then sauk with a hundred companions into a vat of boiling water, there to be half cooked for a few minutes. The cans bulged slightly after the operation, and were therefore slidden along by the trollyful to men with needles and soldering irons who vented them and soldered the aperture. Except for the label, the "finest Columbia salmon" was ready for the market. I was impressed notes much with the speed of the manufacture as the character of the factory. Inside, on a floor 90 by 40, the most civilized and murderous of machinery. Outside, three footsteps, the thick growing pines and the immense solitude of the hills. Our steamer only atayed twenty minutes at that place, but I counted 240 finished cans made from the catch of the previous night ere I left the slippery, blood stained, scale spanged, oily floors and the offal smeared chinamen.

chipamen.

LUST OF SLAUGHTER.

We resched Portland, California and I crying for salmon, and a real estate man, to whom we had been intrinsted by an insurance man, met us in the street, saying that fifteen miles away, across country, we should come upon a place called Cinchamas, where we might perchance find what we desired. And California, his coattails flying in the wind, ran to a livery stable and chartered a wagon and team forthwith. I could push the wagon about with one hand, so light was its structure. The team was purely American—that is to say, almost human in its intelligence and docility. Some one said that the reads were not good on the way to Clackamas, and warned us against smashing the springs. "Portland," who had watched the preparations, finally reckened "He's come along, too," and under beavenly slies we three companious of a day set forth, California carefully lashing our rods into the carriage and the bystanders overwhelming us with directions as to the sawmills we were to pass, the ferries we were to cross and the signposts we were to seek signs from. Haif a mile from this city of fifty thousand souls we struck and this signposts we were to seek signs from. Haif a mile from this city of fifty thousand souls we struck and this must be taken literally a plank road that would have been a disgrace to an Irish village.

mile from this city of fifty thousand souls we struck (and this must be taken literally) a plant road that would have been a disgrace to an Irish village.

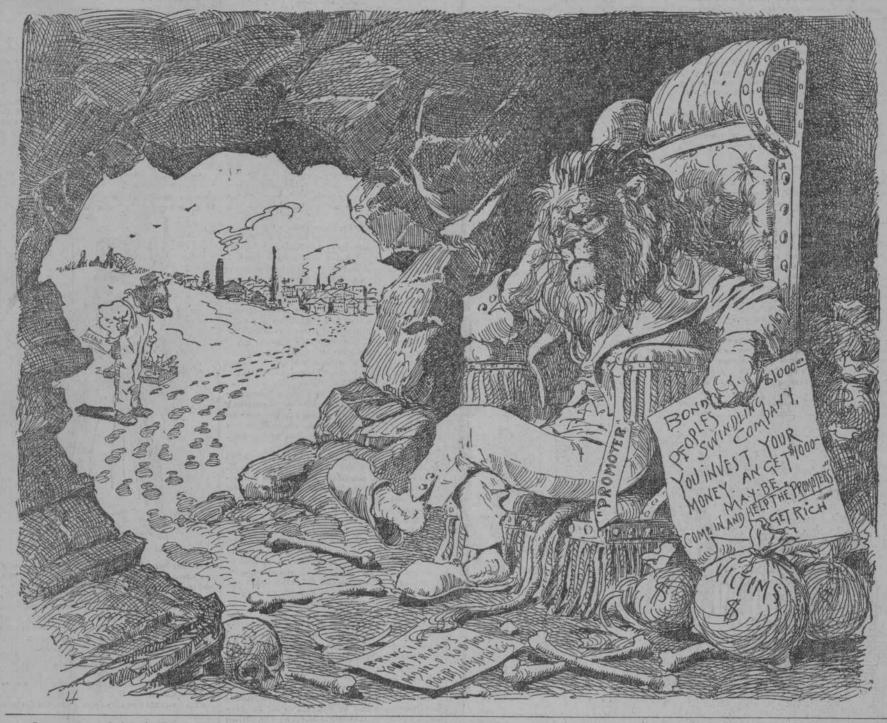
OFF FOR CLACKAMAS,

Then six miles of macadamized road showed us that the team could move. A railway ran between us and the banks of the Willamete and another will off farmers in their town wagons, blueches of tow haired, boggle eved urchins sitting in the hay behind. The men generally looked like loafers, but their women were all well dressed.

Brown braiding on a tailor made jacket does not, however, connort with hay wagons. Then we struck into the woods along what California called a consister sole—a good road—and fortiand a "disressem," the west of the contract of the

THE BOGUS INVESTMENT COMPANIES.

An Old Fable (the Fox and the Sick Lion) with a New Application.



It was reported that the Lion was sick and confined to his den, where he would be happy to see any of his subjects who might come to pay the homage that was due to him. Many accordingly went in, but it was observed that the Fox very carefully kept away. The Lion noticed his absence and sent one of his jackals to express a hope that he would show he was not insensible to motives of respect and charity by coming and paying his duty like the rest. The Fox told the Jackal to offer his sincerest reverence to his master, and to say that he had more than once been on the point of coming to see him, but he had in truth observed that all the jootprints at the mouth of the cave pointed inward, and none outward. - Esop's Fables.

whithey. California milifed up steem and down stream, across the reals water, those his ground and let the gainty fy drop in the tail of a rifle. I was getting my rod togsther when I hand the joyous shriek of the real and the yells of California, and three fact of living aliver leaped into the air far across the water. The forces were engaged. The same of the control of the control of the property of the water like a tide "-a. selind him, and the light bamboo bowed to breating. What happened thereafter I cannot tell. California swore and prayed and fortland shouted advice, and I did all three reality a little over a quarter of an hour, and suitely on the bank came he and the removales reality all title over a quarter of an hour, and suiteliny our fah came home with spuris of temper, dashes head on and sarabands in the air, but home to the bank came he and the removales reality all title over a quarter of an hour, and suiteliny on the bank came he and the removales reality significant in the air, but home to the bank came he and the removales reality significant in the air, but home to the bank came he and the removales reality significant in the air, but home to the bank came he and the removales reality significant in the air, but home to the bank came he and the removales reality significant in the air the significant in the came and the promotes of the bank came had been allowed as a suite of the significant in the came and the came and the ca

notice anxiety for the welfare of his two little sous—tanned and reserved children, who attended school daily and spoke good English in a strange tongue.

His wife was an austere woman, who had once been kindly, and perhaps handsome.

Very many years of toil had taken the elasticity out of step and voice. She looked for nothing better than everlasting work—the chafing detail of housework—and then a grave somewhere up the hill among the blackberri s and the pines. But in her grim way she sympathized with her eldert daughter, a small and silent maiden of eighteen, who had thoughts very far from the means she tended and the pans she coured.

We stumbled into the household at a crisis and there was a deal of downright humanity in that same. A bad, wicked dressmaker had promised the maiden a dress in time for a to-morrow's railway journey, and though the barefooted Georgy, who stood in very wholesome awe of his sister, had secured the woods on a pony in search, that dress never arrived. So, with sorrow in her heart and a hundred Sister Anne giances up the road, she waited upon the strangers and, I doubt not, cursed them for the wants that stood between her sand her need for tears. It was a genuine little tragedy. The mother, in a heavy, passionless voice, rebuked her impatience, yet sat up far into the night bowed over a heap of sewing for the daughter's benefit.

Those things I beheld in the long marigold scented twilight and whispering night, loafing round the little Boarded bunk that was our bedroom, swapping tales with Portland and the old man.

Most of the yarns began in this way:—"Red

bedroom, swapping the man. Most of the varns began in this way:—"Red Larry was a bull puncher back of Lone county. Montans," or "There was a man riding the trail met a jack rabbit sitting in a cactus," or "Tout the time of the San Digo land boom a woman from Monterey, &c," You can try to piece out for your-selves what sort of stories they were.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

emperor reared anew the altars which had been A Colonial Reformer. By Rolf Boldrewood, Maccast down by his illustrious uncle the Emparor millan & Co., New York. cast down by his illustrious uncle, the Emperor Constantine. The author takes no liberties with history. The great incidents of the drama are according to Gibbon and other authorities, and the character of Julian himself is not in any way changed from the accepted estimate. A Roman who also is a sentimentalist, a man of affairs whose ambitions are yet more in the direc-

the servants of a suspicious man must be double faced, Julian found but one man from the Court whom he could trust, and even this man finally confessed that he had been a spy. Julian, moved by dread and uncertainty as much as by Pagan philosophy, attributes many of his misfortunes to the influence of Christianity, so when he becomes Emperor he announces his belief in the old gods, though he promises religious teleration greatly loving power, yet impatient of rivalry, he reth, whom the Christians insisted should rule the earth. All his counsellors and courtiers changed

> On the stage either part of this drama would be far more tiresome than any one of Shakespeare's historical plays which might be produced "uncut," though the scenes and "business" are effective and the speeches-except Julian's-short. To the reader, however, it is full of interest, and will be attentively read from beginning to end, although it stretches through three hundred and tifty pages. A. D. 2,000. By Lieutenaus Alvarado M. Fuller, U. S. A. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

religions as easily as they changed their garments,

but Christians among the common people re-

mained steadfast, and wonders which appeared miracles strengthened their faith, though the Em peror finally lost his tolerant spirit and ordered

This is about the shortest look shead that has been put into print; it is also the clearest. Lieutenant Cobb, of the regular army, finds promotion slow and no active service in prospect. He interests himself in applied science, and discovers a means of suspending animation for any given time, so he gets an indefinite leave of absence and bedroom, swapping tales with Fortland and the old man.

Most of the yarns began in this way:—"Red Larry was a bull puncher back of Lone county. Montans," or "There was a man riding the trail met a jack rabbit sitting in a cactus," or "Bout the time of the San Diego land boom a woman from Monterey, &c." You can try to piece out for yourselves what sort of stories they were.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN IBSEN DRAMA THAT COVERS THREE HUNDRED PAGES—ONE M. BE LONG LOOK AH. AD.

EMPRAOR AND GALILLEN: A WORLD-HISTORIO DRAMA. By Henrik Ibsen. Edited by William Arches. Seribner & Welford, New York.

Although a play which probably never will be acted, "Emperor and Galilean" is the grandest of liben's prose dramas. It is a work in which the author's principal faults, which are verbosity and uncertainty of grasp, become almost virtues, so well do they comport with the mental nature of his hero. The work consists of two five act parts, each complete in itself, the first being "Crears" and the second "The Emperor Julian," The character is of course the Emperor Julian, who was reared a Christian, but who, while still very young, made his way through freek philosophy back to heathenism, and who when he became emperor reared anew the altars which had been memperor reared anew the altars which had been memperor reared anew the altars which had been moving rapidly while he siept. He was taken less toy and the story and which contained a statement of his whereabouts. He was taken less toy and which one taken and tond that the world had been moving rapidly while he siept. He was taken less toy and which one taken and tond that the world had been moving rapidly while he siept. He was taken less toy and which one taken ment the world had been moving rapidly while he siept. He was taken less toy and which one taken ment the world had been moving rapidly while he siept. He was taken less toy and which one taken ment to the discovery of a small safe which he helet the dot the discovery of a small safe which he help to the di has two friends to seal him up, with ozone gener-

This is not a biography, but fiction, and it ought to be gratefully welcomed by a deserving and long auffering minority of novel readers, for there is something in it besides the inevitable love tale. The hero is a clever and well-to-do young Englishman, whose principal fault, after inexperience, is an inherited tendency to reform other people, him sands were cut and bleeding, if was dripping with sweat, syanglied like harlequin with scales, water from my waist down, nose pecied by the sun, but ntterly, supremely and consummately happy.

The heady, the dailing, the daisy, my Salmon Eshadur, weighed twelve pounds, and I had been seven and thirty minutes bringing him to bank. He had been lightly hooked on the angle of the right jaw and the hook had not weared him. That hour I sat among princes and crowned heads, greater than them all. Below the bank we heard California scuffing with his salmon and wearing Spanish oaths. Portland and I assisted at the capture, and the fish dragged the spring balance out by the roots. It was only constructed to weigh up to fifteen pounds. We stretched the three fish on the grass—the cleven and a half, the twelve and fifteen

during the conflict. Both men fell in love, but without marring experiences until death suddenly robbed one of his sweetheart. The book is more interesting for its characters and scenes, all well known, than for what is said and done. The other soldier is a type of the ideal American, earnest and strong, with much reserve force and full of sentiment which seldom reaches his lips.

A Washington Bible Class. By Gall Hamilton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. How much heterodoxy there may be in orthodox circles and how sincerely and largely religious the heterodox may be is forcibly brought to attention by this interesting volume. The author is a member of that New England denomination which was practically organized in the cabin of the Mayflower, practically organized in the cabin of the Mayflower, and among her near friends are many teachers of theology, but she rambles among leading subjects and excresses her mind freely, though not more so than some noted and truster pastors have done. The look of Genesis, the Institutes of Mosea, the Mystery of Melchizedek, Miracles, Inspiration, the Origin of Sacrifice and other burning theological questions are discussed from the rational standpoint, yet always with the recognition of the existence or a Supreme Being and of divine law. The author frankly admits that the class was not a debating club and that she did all the talking.

A HANDSOOK OF FLOREDA. By Charles Ladvard

HANDBOOK OF FLORIDA. By Charles Ledyard Norton. With Forty-nine Maps and Plans. Long-mans, Green & Co., New York.

The first edition of this work was devoted to that portion of Florida which lies on the Atlantic coast. The new publication embraces the entire State. It is therefore a veritable handbook instead of a mere is therefore a veritable handbook theseas or a more guide to winter resorts and fishing grounds. Each county is described carefully, and good maps—generally so large that they must be folded—accompany the descriptions. All health resorts are specified, as also are districts interesting to the hunter and fisherman, but the book will be equally useful to the agriculturist and manufacturer. The book is in all respects a model for future compilers of State handbooks.

THE LAW OF COLLATERAL INHERITANCE, LEGACY AND SUCCESSION TAXES. By Benjamin F. Dos Passos. L. K. Strouns & Co., New York.

By the production of this work Mr. Dos Passon has rendered the legal profession and the public a valuable service and won signal credit for him-

It is a subject already important and destined to

It is a subject already important and destined to grow in importance. The equity and policy of imposing a tax on property inherited by collateral heirs and strangers have been generally recognized. Such a tax, as well as a tax on inheritances by direct heirs, has long prevailed in England and on the Continent. In this country the direct inheritance system has not been introduced, and as yot the collateral inheritance has been accepted in only about nine States, the New York statute being enacted in 1885. But the reasons in favor of the latter warrant Mr. Dos Passos, we think, in predicting that it will eventually become a law in all of the States.

Until the appearance of the present volume there was no American irrettise on the subject. Mr. Dos Passos has supplied this want by a work which proves his superior fitness for the task. His experience in the District Attorney's office in the performance of duties connected with the enforcement of the law of this State has been a decided advantage to him, but it is evident that he has not relied too much on it. His treatment betrays the bold, sure hand of one who has mastered his subject, and who, though a novice in legal literature, writes with the clearness, conciseness and accuracy of the trained author.

The practical value of the book is still further enhanced by an appendix giving the statutes of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Connecticut and forms for use under the New York law.

A BRIDE FROM THE SUSH. By a New Writer. John W. Lovell Co., New York.

BRIDE FROM THE BUSH. By a New Writer. John W. Lovell Co., New York. The bouncing rural beauty who marries into a family that is nothing if not conventional is the heroine of this tale, and she makes life miserable for every one, herself included. She is brought from Australia, where her husband found her, and from Australia, where her husband found her, and she has all the accomplishments peculiar to "the bush." She can ride, shoot and hit a half crown with the tip of a whiplash twenty feet long. She has at her longue's end all the stang of the sheep ranch and country shop, but is entirely lacking in manners—even country manners; she is thought less and aggressive, and has nothing attractive about her but her beauty. Her doings at her husband's ancestral home made great fun for every one but her husband's relatives, but one day she chances to see herself as others see her and hurries back to Australia, whither her husband follows her and remains. The story is a good one to laugh over.

SHALL YOUNG MEN GO INTO POLITICS?

Political Sages Bestow Advice Upon Aspiring Youthful Citizens.

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG

Young Men Who Are Competent and Conscientious Owe Service to Public Affairs.

Just after an election, or while any great political question is fresh before the people, many young men, and more especially students in colleges and high schools, dream of political careers. It is a question whether such dreams should be encouraged or whether the ambitions of youth should be turned to more practical channels. It is an interesting question, and the opinions of men who cau well lay claim to be leaders among their fellow men are of more than passing interest. FROM THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT.

General John M. Palmer, the old democratic war horse of Illinois, is one of the great leaders of his party and his opinion is entitled to great respect. He says:—"By all means let the boys take a hand in politics and get their share of the offices, too. We want our young men to be good citizens, and they cannot attain to the full extent of the duties of citizenship unless they take an active interest in the workings of practical politics. I have always done all in my power to welcome bright young men into the councils of the democratic party. is good for the party to have them there and it is good for the young men to be there." THE WAVE OF THE BANDANA,

Ex-Judge Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, the recent candidate of the democratic party for Vice President of the United States, in a short note save :-'We want the young men in politics because their active good sense will make them workers. The

active good sense will make them workers. The doors of the democratic party are wide open for the young men, who will find that the old campaigners will not insist upon a monopoly of the honors and offices. An infusion of fresh, new blood will do both of the old parties good."

EDITOR HALSTEAD'S CHINION.

Mr. Murat Halstead, of the Brooklyn Standard Gaion, but formerly editor of the Cincinnail Commercial-Gazette, a defeated candidate for the United States Senata and President Harrison's nominee for Minister to Russia, but rejected by the United States Senate, eave:—"I don't advise young men about much of anything. If they want to go into politics and win the rewards of office I don't see any reason why they shouldn't, and as for the way that bright young men can enter the service of their country. If they are bright enough to be of any particular account they will probably find the way. I shouldn't know how to blaze a road for them, and couldn't by my own experience offer them a straight line of lamp posts."

Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio, one of the most successful of the democratic party leaders, says:—
"In a general way I do not advise young men to

the most successful of the democratic party leaders, says:—

'In a general way I do not advise young men to go into politics with an idea of receiving the rewards of office. The best way to prepare for political advancement is to thoroughly equip one's self intellectually, and demonstrate ability and character; then, if there be any gift for or tendency to political life, honors will follow without being especially sought after. I think all young men of college training ought to go into politics in the sense of taking an active interest and part in public affairs, but, of course, do not advise them to become office-seekers or to rely upon politics for a livelihood.'

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GOVERNOR FLEMING, OF FLORIDA.

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To would not advise a young man to go into political life solely for the purpose of obtaining office, as the successful attainment of such and is very uncertain, and it does not always depend upon the merit or zeal of the aspirant. But most unheastantingly I advise the young men of our country to take an active interest in politics; acquire an intelligent knowledge of our past politics instory and keep posted as to the issue of the present, striving by all fair and honorable means to make their impress for good upon the politics of the country and so preserve our institutions in the purity and integrity in which they came to us from the founders of the government. In so doing they better fit thomselves for the discharge of the duties which devolve upon those upon whom the responsibility of office may rest.

"Bosides discharging one's duty as a good citizen, a active interest and participation in politics will bring into prominence those who aspire to public office in the service of their country, which, indeed, is a most worthy ambition. I would, however, marticipation and the service of their country, which, indeed, is a most worthy ambition.

office in the service of their country, which, indeed, is a most worthy ambition. I would however, particularly caution a young man against the
temptation of improper methods to attain political
preferment. The sacrifice of principle and integrity is too high a price to pay for the highest office
in the land. Nor should one ever make promises
or piedges to obtain office which may embarrass
him in the proper discharge of duty when he fills
it."

Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, a rampant republican in politics, says:

"Politics is the science of government, and it will always be necessary for the useful conduct of city, township, borough, county, district, State and national government that about ten per cent of our male population should be in public life. It will always be just that adequate compensation should be pald to those who are in public life, to enable them to devote their time to the proper discharge of their duties. It will always be true that for those who faithfully discharge public duties there will be besides their legal emoluments, an outlying compensation of honor and fame which are worthy of the ambition of our best citizens.

"Whether these three millions of citizens shall be taken haphazard from the body politic and without any special training, receive the trust of public confidence and the responsibility of taking care of public affairs, or whether we shall do everything reasonable to prepare such men by a course of education and progressive experience for the performance of their duties, is a question which admits of only one answer—that these men should be trained, and train themselves in the school of experience for public life. If a young man has a good voice, a good command of language and ideas, high moral sense and sterring patriotism, with a good physique and a determination to serve the public, not limited with the salary which hadraws, but rising to the height of the great interests which he may benefit, then I certainly would encourage him to enter upon the arena of public life."

Mr. G. W. Cable, the Louisiana novelist, now a COLONEL ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD. Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, a rampant republican

terests which he may benefit, then I certainly would encourage him to enter upon the areas of public life."

Mr. G. W. Cable, the Louisiana novelist, now a resident of Northampton, Mass., says:—

"Yes, I advise young men, whether of the colleges, the trades or the laboring masses, to carry their interest in politics even to the point of seeking their own election to office, although I have never myself gone that far nor ever expect to do so, Any class of people not interested in the politics of their community are in so far a public peat, and whatever causes their unconcern is another.

"True, politics, as a calling, differs from what we may term the established professions. A lawyer, even a preacher, rightly expects his profession to furnish him his living, but one who goes into the politics calling must be its husband, or he is no better than a man who takes a wife expecting her to support him. If he is not a sneak at the outset he will be at the end.

"The reason is plain. The established professions give their rewards to all, but in politics there must always be at least hearly half the politicians out of office and without its emoluments. Hence polities can never rightly be the imperative source of a man's living. The man who must hold office mustn't. He ought to get right out, or else be voted out.

"Unless a man is rich or uncovetous, or else a turncoat, politics can be made by him an established profession only under that darkest of all political curees—an established party. If a young man anywhere can rely upon this party to hold a permanent monopoly of legislation and government, and is therefore comparatively sure of holding office himself, then politics for him will be as definitely an established party, and the effect of all parties to be the established party, and the effect of all parties to be the established party, and the effect of all parties to be the established party, and the effect of all parties to be the established party, and the effect of all parties to be the established party, and t their parties in corruption for a hundred years we'let even under the rule of an established party there is still some room for a man embrace of the political calling by young men if they are but brave enough to plight their faith for better, for worse, to that first essential of true civil liberty and safety of any and all classes.—European or American, South American, West Indian or American, with every man free to choose between the presence everywhere of at least two political parties, with every man free to choose between them two parties equal in all their rights, and equally free to enjoy them under equal, ample and certain protection.

"In my judgment the best way to prepare for political advancement is, first, so to equip one self morally and mentally—not to say pecuniarity—that one shall be free from all feeling of dejected ence upon the rewards of office; and, second, to take one's stand immovably for those public conditions of freedom and equality between utilities one's stand information, without which the political life and calling, whether in Massachuster and the political for and calling, whether in Massachuster integrity, honor and success."